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POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

But I stand beside the Lang Temple,
Doing nothing
And speaking not at all.

Liang Tung-shu—Eighteenth Century

THE PALACE BLOSSOMS

When the rain ceases,
The white water-flowers of Ch'ang Lo stroll together at
sunset
In the City by the River.
The young girls are no longer confined
In the tower pavilions,
But may gaze at the green water
Whirling under the bridge of many turnings.

T'ai Ta-mien—Eighteenth Century

ONE GOES A JOURNEY

He is going to the T'ung T'ing lake,
My friend whom I have loved so many years.
The spring wind startles the willows
And they break into pale leaf.
I go with my friend
As far as the river-bank.
He is gone—
And my mind is filled and overflowing
With the things I did not say.

Florence Ayscough and Amy Lowell

Again the white water-flower
Is ripe for plucking.
The green pointed swords of the iris
Splinter the brown earth.
To the south of the river
Are many cinnamon trees.
I gather branches of them to give to my friend
At his return.

Liu Shih-an—Eighteenth Century

FROM THE STRAW HUT AMONG THE SEVEN PEAKS

I

From the high pavilion of the great rock,
I look down at the green river.
There is the sail of a returning boat.
The birds are flying in pairs.
The faint snuff color of trees
Closes the horizon.
All about me
Sharp peaks jag upward,
But through my window,
And beyond,
Is the smooth, broad brightness
Of the setting sun.